in haſt, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcryed vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portlie faile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceede as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours, ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe, the which are downe alreadie,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappie mee,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like himne vntuterd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhowe, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need wee leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt,
If warres, wee are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo wee heare you are,
Let not our Ships and number of our men,
Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to relieue them of their heauy loade,
And theſe our Ships you happily may thinke,

Are like the Troian Horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And wee'le pray for you.

Per. Ariſe I pray you, riſe; we do not looke for reuerēce
But for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, & me.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our ſelues,
The Curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when the which (I hope) ſhall neare be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Peri. Which welcome wee'le accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeu*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then, as men ſhould bee,
Till he hath paſt neceſsitie:
I'le ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is writ, he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidinges to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.